

DOLL MAN

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES

5 COMPLETE ADVENTURES!

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DOLL MAN

PAUL PARR WAS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST... BUT NO SCIENCE COULD REVEAL HIS PAST LIFE TO HIM!

THE LOSS OF MEMORY MEANT THAT HE COULD NEVER KNOW WHO AND WHAT HE HAD BEEN TEN YEARS BEFORE... OR COULD HE?

STRANGE AND STERN WAS THIS ADVENTURE OF THE DOLL MAN, MIGHTY MIGHT OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE, WHEN HE FOUGHT FOR WHAT MIGHT MEAN THE FATE OF AMERICA!

WHEN CARRELL DANE, QUIET YOUNG MAN OF SCIENCE, SECRETLY CONCENTRATES HIS TREMENDOUS POWER OF WILL, HE TURNS INTO THE DOLL MAN, PINT-SIZED PACKAGE OF COURAGE AND POWER!



A HEAVY HUSH-HUSH CONFERENCE OF THE NATION'S TOP SCIENTISTS...



WE NEED A BRILLIANT AND TRUSTWORTHY MAN TO DEVOTE ALL HIS TIME TO THE NEW BLAST-BLOCK FORMULA RESEARCH! DR. ROBERTS—HAVE YOU A NOMINEE?

MR. CHAIRMAN, I URGE YOU TO GIVE THIS ASSIGNMENT TO PAUL PARR!

MY COLLEAGUE, DARRELL DANE, WILL BACK ME UP WHEN I SAY THAT PAUL PARR IS A SPLENDID LABORATORY MAN, LOYAL AND INDUSTRIOUS!

BUT HIS PAST RECORD INCLUDES A PECULIAR SITUATION IN A JOB SO IMPORTANT TO WORLD PEACE AND DEFENSE WE MUSTN'T OVERLOOK THIS POINT!



PAUL PARR WAS FOUND TEN YEARS AGO, STUNNED AND HELPLESS! HE RECOVERED, BUT NEVER GAINED HIS MEMORY! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM OR WHO HE WAS... NOT EVEN HIS REAL NAME!



IT'S TRUE! I KNEW THE DOCTOR WHO TREATED HIM AND HELPED HIM IN THE STUDIES THAT MADE PARR ABLE TO TAKE THIS VERY JOB!

MR. CHAIRMAN, LET ME POINT OUT THAT PAUL PARR'S LOSS OF EARLY MEMORY IS A POINT IN HIS FAVOR!



HIS PAST IS WIPED OUT! WE ARE ABLE TO SWEAR TO HIS LOYALTY AND INTEGRITY FOR THE TEN YEARS THAT REPRESENT HIS WHOLE REMEMBERED LIFE!

MR. DANE, YOUR POINT IS A GOOD ONE! WELL, IF THE COMMITTEE AGREES...



AND SO PAUL PARR IS SUMMONED...

PARR, THIS COMMITTEE REPRESENTS THE SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY OF AMERICA! THE TASK FOR WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN IS GREAT, HONORABLE... AND LIKEWISE A FRIGHTENING RESPONSIBILITY!

I'LL TRY TO DESERVE YOUR CONFIDENCE, GENTLEMEN!



THIS PROCESS, IF PERFECTED, WILL NEUTRALIZE EXPLOSIONS... STOP VIOLENT ASSAULTS OF ARMIES... SO FAR TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD! YOU MUST WORK TIRELESSLY AND SECRETLY!

I PLEDGE MYSELF TO CARRY OUT THOSE ORDERS! YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU CHOSE ME!



PAUL PARR ENTERS THE GUARDED LABORATORY PROVIDED FOR HIS RESEARCH...

WE INSISTED ON PARR'S APPOINTMENT, DARRELL! I FEEL SURE THAT HE'LL COME THROUGH AS WE PROMISED! YET... I'D LIKE TO BE EVEN MORE SURE!

PERHAPS I CAN CHECK ON HIM SECRETLY!

DARRELL DANE SEEKS HIS OWN PRIVATE
LABORATORY AGAINST CRIME...

DOLL MAN

THE MIGHTY WILL
POWER OF DARRELL DANE
IS EXERTED TO THE UT-
MOST... COSMIC FORCES
RALLY AND DO THEIR
WORK...

... SHRINKING DARRELL DANE'S PHYSICAL
BODY TO THE DOLL MAN, LITTLE GIANT OF
JUSTICE!



As PAUL HARK HEADS FOR DARRELL DANE'S HEADQUARTERS...





HIS EMOTIONS IN A TURMOIL, PAUL PARR SEEKS DARRELL SANE.











THESE ENEMY
SPIES WON'T
LET US LIVE
FOR MUCH
LONGER!

OH, YOU'LL LIVE IF YOU
CO-OPERATE! BOTH OF
YOU ARE VALUABLE TO
OUR CAUSE!



HARR, YOU CAN BUY YOUR LIFE WITH
YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE BLAST-
BLOCK FORMULA! AND THE DOLL
MAN WILL BE CARRIED CAPTIVE
TO OUR HOMELAND!

VASHLOFF, I WONDER IF
YOU CAN BE AS SURE
OF YOUR OWN FUTURE!



NONE OF YOUR WOCKERY! I WAS
COMMANDERED TO GUARD YOU FOR A
LITTLE WHILE, UNTIL MY CHIEF
COMES BACK!

AND WHEN HE
COMES BACK HE'LL HAVE
TIME TO SHOW HIS DIS-
PLEASURE AT YOUR
CLUNTY FAILURE TO
CONVINCE PAUL THAT
HE WAS YOUR SON!



YOUR SPY SYSTEM CAN'T
AFFORD TO HAVE ANY
FAILURES! I PREDICT
THAT YOU'LL BE
LIQUIDATED...
EFFICIENTLY AND
PERMANENTLY!

TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME,
ARE YOU? I'LL CRUSH
YOU LIKE A WORM!



LOSING YOUR HEAD AGAIN,
VASHLOFF? LEAVE OFF
THREATENING THE PRISONERS
AND COME WITH ME!

Y-YES,
EXCELLENCY!



TAKE HIS PLACE AS GUARD
HERE, LILANA! I HAVE SOME-
THING UNPLEASANT TO SAY
TO VASHLOFF... IN PRIVATE!

YOU MAY TRUST THEM IN
MY CARE, EXCELLENCY!



USELESS TO STRAIN AGAINST YOUR BONDS
DOLL MAN! THEY ARE TOO TIGHT AND TOO
STRONG FOR YOU TO ESCAPE!

LILANA, I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU COULD
PRETEND TO
LOVE ME!

DOLL MAN



EXCELLENCY, I BEG FOR MERCY!
I HAVE BEEN LONELY! I HAVE
TRIED HARD TO SERVE MY
COUNTRY WELL!

ALAS, WE ARE INTERESTED
IN RESULTS, NOT INTENTIONS.
VASILOFF, YOU ARE A LIABILITY
TO OUR ORGANIZATION! WE
MUST BID YOU GOODBYE!

JUST IN TIME! I
NEED VASLOFF
ALIVE WHEN THIS
IS FINISHED!



AGAIN I MUST
DO THE WORK
BUNGLED BY
MY HEAVEN!

YOU ALIEN ENEMIES
SIMPLY DON'T UNDER-
STAND AMERICAN
FIST WORK!

THIS ANAESTHETIC
GAS WILL LULL YOU
TO SLEEP AGAIN!

NOT YOU'RE
AN IDOT TO
TRY THE
SAME TRICK
TWICE!

LET
GO!

COME DOWN TO
MY LEVEL!





TRY YOUR OWN
SLEEPING POTION!
YOU NEED TO
RELAX!



AH, EXCELLENT. YOU
SEEM ON THE
POINT OF
COLLAPSE!

DOLL MAN, YOU SAVED
MY LIFE! AND WHAT
YOU WILL IN RETURN!



YOU'LL DO US BOTH A FAVOR
BY TELLING THIS STORY TO
THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES!
YOU'LL GET A LIGHTER
SENTENCE, AND PAUL PARR
WILL BE PROVEN AS A
TRUE CITIZEN!

GLADLY WILL I DO IT!
THEY WOULD HAVE
KILLED ME LIKE
A RAT!



A MOMENT LATER, IN THE STREET...

HEY, BOY, YOU LOOK LIKE
THE MUTT THAT TRAILS
AROUND AFTER THE
DOLL MAN!

I'M DOWN HERE
IN THE BASEMENT.
OFFICER! CALL THE
FBI TO COME HERE
AND PICK UP SOME
CAPTURED SKEET!



THIS REPORT ON
MY LABORATORY
WORK INDICATES
THAT I'M ON THE
RIGHT TRACK,
MR. CHURMAN!

I AGREE! AND YOUR
ADVENTURE OF LAST
NIGHT SHOWS THAT
YOU'RE THE SORT
OF AMERICAN WE
NEED AND ADMIRE!
CONGRATULATIONS!

FOR SHORT MOMENTS
LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT
THE MYSTERY OF MY
FORMER LIFE WAS
ACTUALLY SOLVED!
BUT IT DIDN'T MAKE
ME HAPPY!

NO, BECAUSE
YOU THOUGHT
YOU'D HAD
AN EYE PAST!

YOU WERE RIGHT,
DARRELL! THE
PRESENT IS THE
IMPORTANT
THING IN ALL
OF OUR LIVES!

AND MAY OUR
FUTURE AS
AMERICANS
ALWAYS BE
FREE AND
HAPPY!

DOLL MAN

AND THE THIEF OF SOULS!

GRENZER MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN
A REAL WIZARD...
BUT HE PLAYED HAVOC WITH THE SOULS
OF MEN AND WOMEN!
AND WHAT COULD DARREL DANE DO TO
FIGHT HIM WHEN GRENZER DIMINISHED
THE WILL POWER THAT WOULD TURN
HIM INTO THE DOLL MAN?



EVERYONE SEEMED TO BE AT THE VAN TWILLER RECEPTION...

PLEASE...AREN'T YOU
DARRELL DANE? I'M RUTH
CLAY, AND I-I NEED
YOUR HELP!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO WHAT-
EVER I CAN, MISS CLAY!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?



IT'S GRENZER
THE WIZARD!
HE HAS CAST
A SPELL
UPON ME!

I NEVER HEARD THE NAME GRENZER,
BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN WIZARDS
OR THE SPELLS THEY CAST!





DARRELL DANE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN AND PURSUES!





WITH RUTH CLAY GONE, THE DOLL MAN AGAIN BECOMES DARNELL DANIEL



BUT, AS SPENZER GLANCES OVER WHAT HE HAS DONE.....



WHO... SUGGE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JUST CHECKING UP, SPENZER! AND DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!



I WENT FOR YOUR SALES TALK! PUT UP DOUGH TO GET YOU IN WITH THESE UPTOWN FOLKS, SO THE BOTH OF US COULD SHAKE 'EM DOWN PLENTY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SET THAT CLAY COOKIE'S BAKINGROLL?

I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT TONIGHT BUT FOR THE GREAT INTERFERENCE OF A LITTLE BOBOLIN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE DOLL MAN!



THE DOLL MAN? SPENZER, IF HE'S IN THIS WE GOT TO GET OUT QUICK!

SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THAT I KNOW WHO CALLS HIM INTO SUCH CASES... AND FIRES THINGS SO THERE'D BE NO CALL!



I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! BECAUSE WE AND THE BOYS DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THAT DOLL MAN!

LEAVE IT TO ME! I SEE RUTH CLAY BY HERSELF NOW! I'LL TALK TO HER AGAIN!



RUTH, IF YOU KEEP AVOIDING ME, I'LL SUSPECT WE'VE HAVING A QUARREL!

I THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT YOU'D LEAVE MISS CLAY ALONE, SPENZER!



DON'T SCOLD ME FOR FAILING TO STICK TO THAT, MR. DANIEL! ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, YOU KNOW!

LOVELL WAR... I'LL TURN INTO THE DOLL MAN AND GIVE HIM MORE OF THE SECOND THAN HE CAN TALK OF THE FIRST!



BUT WHEN DARREL DANE TRIES TO EXERT HIS WILL POWER.....

I CAN'T BRING MY THOUGHTS AND PLANS TO BEAR! I'M NOT CHANGING!



DOLL MAN



DARRELL DANE SEES RUTH CLAY SAFELY TO HER DOOR....



MEANWHILE, AT GRENZER'S HOME...



DARRELL DANE, TOO, FEELS THE COMPELLING URGE...



THIS DOORWAY I'VE NEVER SEEN HERE BEFORE, BUT I FEEL LIKE GOING ON!



DARRELL DANE CAME OUT FOR A WALK... JUST DECIDED TO, ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT!





AGAIN AT THE LABORATORY, DARRELL APPEALS TO HIS CLOSEST FRIEND...





A STRONG DOSE OF THE ANTIDOTE RESTORES THE WILL OF DARRELL DANE...



AND DARRELL DANE IS ONCE MORE ABLE TO BECOME THE DOLL MAN!







JEB RIVERS

WAR AGAINST
THE
RIVER BOATS!



AN EAR-SPUTTING EXPLOSION ABOARD A SLEEK RIVER BOAT... DEATH AND DESTRUCTION LYING IN WAIT ON THE MISSISSIPPI! THIS WAS THE UNAVOIDABLE FATE OF THE SWIFT STEAMER, *REVELRY*! WOULD THE PARAGON BE NEXT... OR COULD DARING JEB RIVERS AVERT DISASTER?

THE SWIFTEST OF RIVERBOATS ARE MATCHED IN A RACE A THOUSAND MILES LONG! CAPTAIN PELHAM'S CHAMPION PARAGON IS CHALLENGED BY THE NEW, SPEEDY CRAFT, THE *REVELRY*...

THROW ON MORE TURPENTINE! WE'RE PULLING AHEAD OF THE PARAGON, MATES!

IN THE WHEEL HOUSE OF THE PARAGON...

JUST NOW THE *REVELRY* LEADS US, BUT IT'S HER TOP EFFORT! WE STILL HAVE FULL POWER TO USE, MARNE, WE'LL PASS HER IN THE NEXT HOUR!

CATFISH, LOOK! UP THERE ON THE *REVELRY*! SHE'S ABOUT TO...







AWOY, JEB!
SHE'S ABOUT TO
EXPLODE FORWARD!

I KNOW IT,
CAPTAIN PELHAM!



THERE SHE
GOES, POOR
CRAFT!

AND JEB DIDN'T HAVE
TIME TO DRAG THAT
INJURED MAN
ASHORE! HE'S
DESTROYED!



I DIDN'T TRY TO GET
ASHORE! I JUMPED
JUST ONE MOMENT
BEFORE THE SECOND
EXPLOSION!

HERE YOU
ARE, MR
RIVERS! I'LL
SET YOU OUT
OF THERE!



STAND BY TO TAKE
THE REVELRY'S
HANDS OFF THE
BARRE!

I'M CAPTAIN
WOSKER, SIR! I
JUST GOT THROUGH
COMMANDING THE
POOR REVELRY!
THANKS FOR SAVING
MY LIFE!



WE WERE SAILING WITH
ONLY A CRACK CREW AND
TWO PASSENGERS! THEY
WERE APT WHEN SHE
EXPLODED! I'M AFRAID
THEY'RE FINISHED!

NO, CAPTAIN WOSKER!
I SEE TWO FOLKS BEING
TAKEN ABOARD US FROM
THE WATER! LET'S SEE
WHO THEY
ARE!



MR. RUSK! MISS THETIS!
HOW DID YOU SURVIVE
THE EXPLOSION?

WELL...HMM...MY
NIECE AND I WERE KIND
OF THROWN CLEAR
BY IT! NOT EVEN
HURT!



THE RACE IS OVER,
CAPTAIN PELHAM! BUT
YOU'D HAVE WON, ANY-
WAY!

HE
WOULD?

THE REVELRY WAS A NEWER SORT? HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF MODERN MACHINERY AND WAS LEADING!



BUT I'M A STEAMGATER ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE PARAGON HAD MORE STEERING POWER! I'LL ADMIT SHE'D HAVE PASSED US BEFORE MANY MILES!

STRANGE, THAT DISASTER! IT REMINDS ME OF SEVERAL OTHER FAST BOATS BLOWING UP LATELY TO THE SOUTH OF HERE!



SO THE PARAGON IS STILL THE FASTEST CRAFT ON THE RIVER, EH?... COME, THEY'LL PERHAPS THIS YOUNG LADY WILL LEND YOU DRY CLOTHES!

IN MARINE'S STATEROOM...

THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY FROCK, MISS MARNE! YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S BOAT!

OH, DADDY RAISED ME LIKE A BOY TO KNOW THE RIVER! I CAN STEER AS WELL AS HE CAN, AND THE PARAGON HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR YEARS!



AND THIS MAN, JES RIVERS? DOES HE KNOW BOATS, TOO?



HE KNOWS BOATS, AND ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE!

HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR EXPOSING AND PUNISHING MANY A RIVER OUTLAW! WHY ONLY LAST WEEK...



I SEE! MOST INTERESTING! EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO TALK TO MY UNCLE!

ACCORDING TO THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER, THAT MAN RIVERS HAS A KEEN EYE FOR DETECTING CRIME!



THEY'LL RELY ON YOU TO KEEP HIS EYES BUSY ON YOUR LOVELY SELF!

MISS THEY'LL, I WAS GOING TO TALK TO MR. RUSK!



TALK TO ME INSTEAD!



EVERYONE'S SAYING THAT YOUR QUICK THOUGHT AND DIRECTION SAVED EVERY LIFE ABOARD THE POOR REVELRY!

LOOK AT 'EM, MARNIE! STRANGE GALS SURE GATHER TO JES, HUH?



THEY CERTAINLY DO! SOME DAY I MAY FORGET I'M A LADY AND THROW SOME GIRL OVERBOARD!

I WON'T WAIT TO WATCH! I'LL BOSSIP WITH MR. RUSK!



WATCHING THE BOILER HANDS, HUH? ARE YOU A STEAMBOATER, MR. RUSK?

NO, YOUNGSTER, AND I NEVER WAS! IN THE OLD DAYS I USED TO COMMAND A STRING OF FLATBOATS!



THEY WERE BIG, SOLID CRAFT, WITH WONDERFUL HEROIC MEN AT THE SWEEPS! FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER IN HUNDREDS, LADEN WITH CARGO!

THAT WAS BEFORE MY TIME! YOU HARDLY EVER SEE FLATBOATS NOW!



NO! THE STEAMBOATS TOOK OVER! FLATBOATING DAYS ARE DEAD AND BONE!

THAT'S WHAT JES AND CAP'N PELHAM CALL PROGRESS, MR. RUSK! A STEAMBOAT CAN SAIL UP RIVER FASTER THAN A FLATBOAT CAN GO DOWN!



PERHAPS SO, CHILD! BUT FLATBOATS NEVER BLEW UP LIKE THE REVELRY!

I GUESS NOT!



MR. RUSK IS KIND OF SOUR ON STEAMBOATS, MARNIE!

PERHAPS SO! BUT HIS NIECE IS KIND OF SWEET ON STEAMBOAT MEN!







WHEN THE PRISONERS ARE CONFRONTED BY CAPTAIN PELHAM!

YES, WE DESTROYED THE REVELRY! AND WE WERE GOING TO BLOW UP THE PARAGON, TOO! EVERY STEAMBOAT THAT SPEEDS ALONG... STEAMBOATS MEANT THE END OF THE *FLATBOATING DAYS*!

HUSH, THE TWO OF YOU SOUND INSANE! YOU SHOULDN'T BLAME US FOR THE PROGRESS THAT WRECKED YOUR FLAT-BOAT FORTUNE!

SAH! IF WE'D WRECKED ENOUGH STEAMBOATS, THEY MIGHT BE STOPPED! THEN FLATBOATING WOULD COME BACK!

YOU WERE WASTING YOUR TIME AND EFFORT, HUSH! LOOK WHAT'S STEAMING ON DRY LAND!



The Perfect Plan

LESTER TRICK, known to his friends as Tricky, was feeling plenty pleased with himself as he nonchalantly walked into the lobby of the Harper Hotel. He had good reason to be smug. He had engineered the perfect robbery.

His plan had taken weeks of organization but it proved to be worth every minute of it. First Tricky studied the floor plan of the Griffith Jewelry Store so that he could move through it in the dark without stumbling over anything. Then he studied the habits of the night watchman. He worked out a plan to put the burglar alarm system out of commission. And finally, he found out all there was to know about the vault where the uncut diamonds were kept.

Tricky made careful notes of all he had observed. And like an architect who first must have blueprints, he worked out his plan for the perfect robbery. He hid in the jewelry store until after closing time. Then with precision timing, carried out each step of his carefully organized plan. It had all gone smoothly, so smoothly. And more than that, he left no evidence to connect Lester Trick with the robbery.

Even in the hiding of the diamonds, he had been cautious. He had chosen the isolated place long before. Quietly, in the dead of night, he hurried there. It was too bad that he could not boast to his friends of the underworld about the cleverness of his scheme. But Tricky had learned early in his career of crime that it was not wise to trust anyone. And so when he buried the diamonds in the empty lot at three o'clock that morning, there was no one who saw him.

Now in the lobby of the Harper Hotel, Tricky still smiling to himself, walked over to the desk to register. He was tired now. He had worked hard and needed badly to rest. He signed in, using his own name, Lester Trick. He knew that no one could be suspicious. Nothing could be proved against him.

The bellboy, a bright looking youngster with equally bright red hair showed him to his room. Tricky handed the boy a coin.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the boy smiling, "and by the way, where did you hide it?"

And then the boy was gone, without waiting for an answer. Tricky could not believe the evidence of his ears. How could the bellboy know that he had hidden anything? Maybe it was just Tricky's tired nerves distorting the bellboy's

words. After a good night's rest everything would be all right.

The bed felt soft and comfortable. Tricky buried his head in the pillow, preparing to sleep and then the phone jangled. He lifted it off the hook.

A woman's voice came across the wires asking, "Where did you hide it?" Then the phone connection was broken.

Tricky began to tremble. He put his hand to his forehead. It was damp with perspiration despite the coolness of the night. What was happening to him? Surely it was not his imagination. The phone had really rung and the voice had been clear, asking that frightening question.

He picked up the phone again. Tricky asked the operator if there had just been a call for him.

"I'm sorry, sir. There must be some mistake. I haven't rung your room since you checked in."

Then it was nerves. And it was imagination. Sleep should smooth the tension away. Tricky tossed and turned and finally sleep did come. But it was a nightmarish sleep, full of jangling telephones and voices asking again and again, "Where did you hide it? Where?"

The next morning Tricky went down to the hotel coffee shop. The waitress jotted down his order. In the light of day, he could almost forget the terror in the night. Suddenly the waitress turned to him and asked, "Where did you hide it?"

This was too much. Tricky halted from his table and dashed out of the coffee shop. He had lost all desire for food. He just had to get out of there. He had to get away from that awful question.

Outside the day was bright and sunny. He walked into the small park near the hotel. Pigeons pouted on the walks. Children played nearby. The sound of their fresh young voices somehow calmed him. He chose an empty park bench, sat down, and leaning back closed his eyes.

Then he heard a voice, a man's voice. It was asking the familiar question, "Where did you hide it?" Tricky felt panic galloping through him. He opened his eyes suddenly. On the bench beside him a dirty, unshaven devils' dozen

Tricky grabbed the man by the shoulders, shaking him violently. The derelict awakened and looked at him through blood-shot eyes.

"Did you just ask me a question?" Tricky tried to keep the panic out of his voice.

"Why should I, Mister? I never saw you before in my life." And the derelict, turning his back to Tricky, started to doze again.

Even the sunlit park was no longer a sanctuary. Now even the voices of the children seemed to question him. The pouting pigeons looked up as if to make the same inquiry. He had to get away from there.

He hurried up the street, not knowing where to turn. Then he saw the movie theatre. The darkness of the theatre and the quiet people around him would quiet him down. The girl, taking his money handed him his ticket.

"Here you are, sir," she said, "and incidentally, where did you hide it?"

Still clutching the ticket, Tricky ran wildly down the street. People turned to look at him curiously. He didn't care. The important thing was to get away from the voices, the questions.

Suddenly the thought struck him . . . if all these people knew that he had hidden something, perhaps they even knew where it was buried. Perhaps his plan had not been as fool-proof as he thought. Maybe as he dug the deep hole and buried the diamonds, someone quietly in the darkness was watching. He had to find out.

He travelled to the deserted spot first by bus, then by taxi; then by bus again. He had to play it safe. He had to be certain that no one would follow. And he was reasonably sure that no one had.

It was late afternoon when he finally reached his destination. He looked around him but there was no one in sight.

With his bare hands, Tricky began to claw at the earth. He dug quickly and in a frenzy. He was like a man trapped by a cave-in, trying to

dig his way out to safety. Finally his fingers touched the tin can. Lifting the lid, he saw the diamonds. They sparkled at him reassuringly. Tricky began to laugh uncontrollably. Everything was really all right.

He held the stones in the palm of his hand, admiring how beautiful they looked when the light hit them. They were all his . . . to share with no one. He would wait until the excitement of the robbery was over. Then he would sell them individually. They would bring him enormous wealth.

Then he heard a voice. "So this is where you hid them."

Looking up, Tricky saw a man pointing a gun at him. He recognized him immediately. It was Dick Stanton, Chief of Detectives. Behind him Tricky saw two policemen.

"B-but," Tricky stammered, "this was the perfect robbery. I left no clues. How did you ever find me?"

Dick Stanton slipped a pair of handcuffs on Tricky's trembling wrists. "You're a smart fellow, Tricky. Too smart. You were the only one with enough brains to engineer a robbery like that. We were sure you were our man but we couldn't prove it."

"I—I still don't understand . . ." faltered Tricky.

"We followed you to the Harper Hotel. Then we got the cooperation of the bellboy, the telephone operator, the waitress, the derelict. Following our instructions, they all asked you the same question. We knew we could hammer you down until you led us to the loot."

As Tricky was escorted away by the two policemen, Dick Stanton, carrying the diamonds, followed them.

"We figured that the only way to deal with the perfect robbery was to engineer the perfect capture," Stanton said. "And it seems, Tricky, that our trick worked."

STATEMENT OF THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATION, SELECT COMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATION OF THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF JULY 14, 1934, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 1, 1935, AND JULY 1, 1935, CH. 112, 49.

OF JAMES W. WALKER, published by the Committee on Investigation, July 1, 1935.

1. The names and addresses of the witnesses, who, according to the report of the Committee, were interviewed, are: William H. Walker, James W. Walker, and James W. Walker, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James W. Walker, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James W. Walker, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James W. Walker, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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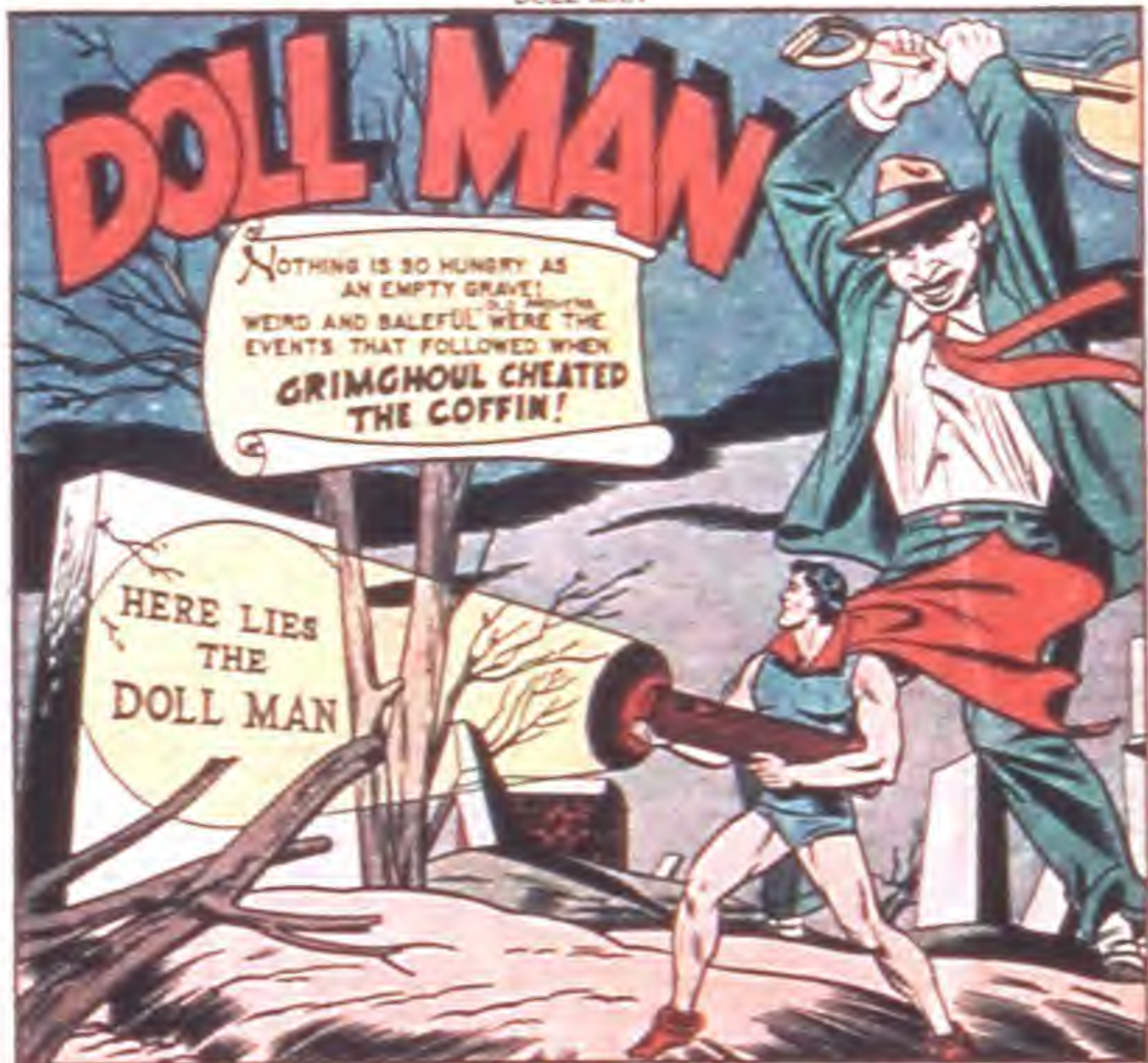
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WILLIAM H. WALKER

President

There is no other material before me this day (July 1, 1935).
JAMES W. WALKER, Chairman, Committee on Investigation, July 1, 1935.



Justice closes in on a headquarters of crime...



LATER, DARRELL DANE IS CALLED INTO CONFERENCE...



THE POISON SEEMED TO KILL BRIMSHAW INSTANTLY, BUT I CAN'T IDENTIFY ITS TYPE! PERHAPS YOUR LABORATORY AGAINST CRIME CAN HELP!

WELL, PAROON, DOCTOR! LADY HERE TO SEE YOU!

I AM MISS ZALA HALTON... A CLOSE FRIEND OF BRIMSHAW! THE JUDGE GAVE ME THIS ORDER TO TAKE HIS BODY AWAY FOR BURIAL!

DOCTOR, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE BRIMSHAW'S REMAINS BEFORE THEY LEAVE!

SORRY, MR. DANE! SINCE HE'S UNMISTAKABLY DEAD AND THE ORDER HAS BEEN ISSUED, I MUST RELEASE HIS BODY TO HIS FRIENDS!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR! BRIMSHAW WILL BE BURIED THIS VERY EVENING!



AT DARRELL'S LABORATORY AGAINST CRIME...



SNELL IT, ELMO! DOES THE DOG SUGGEST ANYTHING TO YOU?

SNIF! SNIF!



IF YOUR NOSE IDENTIFIES THAT STUFF IN BRIMSHAW'S POISON DOSE, I'D BETTER CALL THE MEDICAL EXAMINER AT ONCE!

RRRR!



MY RESEARCH ISN'T DONE YET, BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER BE SURE THEY BURY BRIMSHAW... AND NO DUBBIE!

SINCE YOU INSIST, I'LL EXAMINE THE COFFIN AT THE VERY GRAVE SIGHT!

THEN, AT THE CEMETERY...



BRIMSHAW IS IN THE COFFIN ALL RIGHT! AND HE'S UNDENIABLY DEAD!

IF YOU'VE FINISHED TROUBLE WITH YOUR SUSPICIONS AND MYSTERIES, PLEASE LEAVE US TO BURY OUR POOR FRIEND IN PEACE!

THOSE GRAVE-DIGGERS ARE SPACING HIM UNDER, DOC!

THEN I'LL TELEPHONE DARRELL DANE THAT HIS HALF-FORMED THEORY OF DECEPTION DIDN'T WORK OUT! WE'LL CALL BRIMSHAW DEAD!



WHEN DARRELL DANE RECEIVES THE MESSAGE...





BUFFETED BY THE SHIFT CURRENT, ELMO RESOLUTELY FIGHTS TO REACH SHORE...



AND RETURNS TO THE GRAVE WHERE HIS MASTER IS BURIED!



THE SOUND OF ELMO'S DIGGING AND GROWLING PENETRATES TO WHERE DARRELL DANE LIES IN PRISONED DARKNESS...



AND DARRELL DANE
BECOMES THE DOLL MAN!



I NEED ALL
MY STRENGTH
FOR THIS!
HELP ME
OUTSIDE
THERE,
ELMO!



THAT WAS BRAVELY
DONE, ELMO! A NARROW
ESCAPE FOR BOTH OF
US!



SNEE!
SNEE!

YOU'RE PICKING UP
THEIR TRAIL! LEAD
THE WAY, ELMO!



QUET! BOY!
THIS IS THEIR
HEADQUARTERS!

YOU KNOW, DANE, MY UNTIMELY
DEATH IS THE BEST THING
THAT EVER HAPPENED
TO ME!



WE CAN NOW PLAN OUR
MOST DARING AND PROFIT-
ABLE CRIMES! AND NOBODY
WILL THINK OF BLAMING
THEM ON THE BRINGHOL
MOE!

IT ISN'T EVERY OUTFIT
THAT CAN BOAST OF A
REAL LIVE CORPSE
AS ITS LEADER!



THIS IS AN INTERESTING
LITTLE SITUATION, FOLKS!
TOO BAD YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH THAT
FAKE FUNERAL DEAL!

THE DOLL MAN!
SMASH HIM, MEN!



EVER HAD THE BOOK
THROWN AT YOU, YOU
SMALL TIME CROOK?

IT'S LEAD I'LL
BE THROWING!







DOLL MAN



TIRELESSLY, DARRELL DANE LABORS ON HIS LATEST SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT...







THE CAR DEPARTS, WITH BARRETT A PRISONER... ALSO AN UNPREGUNED PASSENGER!



THEN, WROTE A QUIET DOLLAR RETREAT...



IF YOU GO, YOU'LL PROBABLY GO RIGHT TO THE POLICE WITH THE STORY OF YOUR VISIT TO MY QUIET HIDEAWAY!

I PROMISE TO KEEP SILENT IF YOU LET ME GO AND SINCE I AM OF NO FURTHER USE TO YOU...







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